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T H E
F E M A L E
D U N C I A D.

C O N T A I N I N G

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| <p>I. A faithful Account of the Intrigues, Gallantries and Amours of ALEXANDER POPE, of <i>Twickenham</i>, Esq; Written by HIMSELF.</p> <p>II. A SATIRE upon the Court-Lords and Ladies. Written also by him in the Year 1717.</p> <p>III. A single Instance of his REPENTANCE.</p> <p>IV. The New, Surprising METAMORPHOSIS: or, Mr. POPE turn'd</p> | <p>into a <i>Stinging-Nettle</i>; being a Familiar Epistle from a Gentleman in Town to a Lady in the Country. Occasion'd by reading the DUNCIAD.</p> <p>V. IRISH Artifice; or, The History of <i>Clarina</i>. A Novel. By Mrs. ELIZA HAYWOOD.</p> <p>VI. FEMALE WORTHIES. By the Bishop of <i>Peterborough</i>. The whole being a Continuation of the <i>Twickenham</i> Hotch-Potch.</p> |
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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. READ, in *White-Fryers*; and
Sold by the Bookfellers of *London* and
Westminster. M.DCC.XXVIII. Price 1s.

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Printed for T. R. Bland, by the
Society of the Friends of the
African Race.



THE
FEMALE DUNCIAD.

EMALE BIOGRAPHY is not only the height of the present Mode of Writing, but has at length obtain'd the Sanction of Ecclesiastical Authority. The Bishop of *Peterborough* in his late *Address* to the QUEEN * shews first, that we owe our *Christianity* to *HELENA* a *British* Princess ; that *BERTHA* the Wife of King *ETHELBERT*, planted it among the *Saxon* Infidels, and that *EMMA*, the Royal Consort of *EDWARD the Confessor*, is celebrated for introducing Civility and Learning into the *English* Court, as well as for vindicating her own Honour in the severest

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* See, The Dedication to his *Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil*. Folio.

rest Tryal, by *walking over nine red hot Plowshares*, which she perform'd unhurt; if, as the learned Prelate says, Writers feign not.

He next adds, that, MAUD, a Daughter of *Scotland*, by her happy Marriage with King HENRY I. united the *Saxon* and *Norman* Families, and was long remembered by the common People under the Style and Dignity of *the good Queen Maud*. Her Daughter Maud was signalized for being Great by Birth, Greater by Marriage, and Greatest in her Son and Heir. Another Maud, the Wife of King STEPHEN, led an Army, obtain'd a Victory, deliver'd her Captive Lord, and founded that noble Hospital of St. KATHERINE, near the *Tower of London*.

ELEANOR, Consort of HENRY II. in the Princess Royal her eldest Daughter, laid the Foundation of the Alliance betwixt the Royal Family of *England*, and the illustrious House of *Hanover*.

ELEANOR, Queen of EDWARD I. was called the *Honour of Womenhood*, for her Affection and Fidelity to him while PRINCE and King, attending him in his Wars, and helping to guard him against Sword and Infection.

PHILIPPA,

PHILIPPA, Queen of EDWARD III. was greatly instrumental in carrying on the Glory of his Reign, by her eminent Piety, Goodness and Discretion, she founded that noble Nursery of Letters and Religion *Queen's College in Oxford.*

KATHERINE, Royal Consort of HENRY V. was of admir'd Beauty and Goodness: It is a Part of her Character on her Tombstone, that *she was a happy Daughter, Wife and Mother; and a Grandmother more happy.* Alluding to her Grandson HENRY VII.

MARGARET, Wife of HENRY VI. with great Magnanimity espous'd the Cause of her Royal Husband, defended his Rights, fought his Battles, and in the midst of Arms provided a Maintenance for Learning and Devotion, in Beginning the Foundation of *Queen's College in Cambridge*, finished by the next succeeding Queen. The Lady ELIZABETH, happy Consort of King HENRY VII. had the Glory of uniting the *White-Rose* and the *Red*, in the illustrious Families of *York* and *Lancaster*, and by her eldest Daughter laid the Foundation of uniting *England* and *Scotland* first under one *Monarch*, and then into one *Kingdom.*

ANNA BULLEN, the beloved Choice of King HENRY VIII. encouraged the Beginning of our happy Reformation, and was the Mother of the immortal Queen ELIZABETH, who brought that glorious Work to perfection.

ANNE, the Royal Consort of King JAMES I. was pious, virtuous and prudent; a Lover of the *English* Nation, and a great Reader of the *English History*, under whose Protection her Domestick Servant Mr. *Daniel* wrote it to the End of the Reign of King EDWARD III. and Dedicated it to her Majesty.

The late Queen MARY, and (our Bishop, with the utmost impartiality, might also have added) Queen ANNE were so exemplary in Religion and every Virtue, that all future Historians will be deem'd both unjust and untrue, if they do not represent these Princesses as the surest Ornaments of their Sex and Royal Dignity.

To conclude, I agree with his Lordship, that these Ladies all loved, honoured, and aided their Royal Husbands; divided their Cares, augmented their Joys, and greatly contributed to make their Reigns happy, and their People easy. And that Queen CAROLINE will do no less is evidently demonstrable

ble from every Action that has hitherto flowed from her most judicious Administration.

I hope therefore from these *Episcopal Instances* of the *Christian Heroism* of the *Fair Sex*, I need not have recourse to the *Heathen VWorld* for any farther Proofs in behalf of *Female-Conduct*. And as we have thus far survey'd it on the Side of *Virtue*, let us now see what Advances it is like to make in a *vicious Scene*, as it is painted by the profligate and profane Pen of *Alexander Pope* of *Twickenham*, Esq; in the following Letters, the Originals of which may be seen under his own Hand at one *Edmund Curl's*, a Bookseller in the *Strand*.



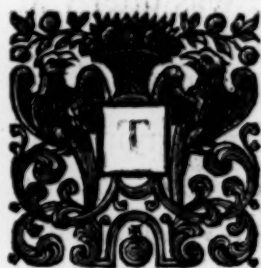
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C H A P. I.

July 17, 1709.

Dear SIR,



THE Morning after I parted with you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy Stage-Coach ; a doleful Change from that agreeable Company I enjoy'd the Night before! without the least hope of Entertainment, but from my last Recourse in such Cases, a Book. I then began to enter into Acquaintance with the Moralists, and had just received from them some cold Consolation for the Inconveniences of this Life and the Uncertainty of human Affairs : When I perceived my Vehicle to stop, and heard from the Side of it the dreadful News of a Sick Woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not very easy to guess at my Mortification, but

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being

being so well fortify'd with Philosophy, I stood resign'd with a stoical Constancy to endure the worst of Evils, a Sick Woman! I was indeed a little comforted to find by her Voice and Dress, that she was young, and a Gentlewoman; but no sooner was her Hood remov'd, but I saw one of the finest Faces I ever beheld, and to increase my Surprise, heard her salute me by my Name. I had never more Reason to excuse Nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I cou'd not recollect I had ever seen those fair Eyes which knew me so well; and was utterly at a loss how to address myself, till with a great deal of Simplicity and Innocence she let me know (even before I discover'd my Ignorance) that she was the Daughter of one in our Neighbourhood, lately married, who having been consulting her Physicians in Town, was returning into the Country, to try what good Air and a new Husband cou'd do to recover her. My Father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the Study of Physick to me, but *the Devil take me* if ever I had any Ambition to be a Doctor till this instant. I ventur'd to prescribe her some Fruit (which I happen'd to have in the Coach) which being forbidden her by her damn'd Doctors, she had the more Inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like
the

the Devil, than she like Eve. Having the good Success of the foresaid Gentleman before my Eyes, I put on the Gallantry of the old Serpent, and in spite of my evil Form, accosted her with all the Gayety I was Master of; which had so good an effect, that in less than an Hour she grew pleasant, her Colour return'd, and she was pleas'd to say, my Prescription had wrought an immediate Cure. In a Word, I had the pleasantest Journey imaginable, so that now, as once of Yore (by means of the *forbidden Fruit*) the Devil got into *Paradise* — I shou'd not have us'd this last Phrase, but that I know your Civil Apprehension will not put any ill Construction upon it, and you will firmly believe that we were as modest — even as *Sapho* and Mr. C ——. Thus far (methinks) my Letter has something of the Air of a *Romance*, tho' it be, really, true. *I am S I R,*

Your most oblig'd,

And affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

Can any one who reads this Letter, exempt Mr. Pope from the guilt either of *Lewdness* or *Profaneness*?

Profaneness? or think that he has any just colour for upbraiding others with their *Carnalities*, stiled by his Mother Church *Venal Sins*? The sprinklings of *Scriptural-Ridicule* throughout fully convince me, that his *Burlesque* of the first *Psalms*, was a Poetical Present made to some such Doxy as he here describes. I shall give it the Reader under his own original Title.

A Version of the First PSALM. For the Use of a young Lady.

THE Maid is blest that will not hear,
Of Masquerading-Tricks,
Nor lends to wanton Songs an Ear,
Nor sighs for Coach and Six.

To please her shall her Husband strive,
With all his Main and Might,
And in her Love shall exercise,
Himself both Day and Night.

She, shall bring forth most pleasant Fruit,
He, flourish still and stand,
Even so all Things shall prosper well,
That this Maid takes in Hand.

No wicked Whores shall have such luck,
Who follow their own Wills,
But purg'd shall be to Skin and Bone,
With Mercury and Pills. For

*For why, the pure and cleanly Maids,
Shall all good Husbands gain,
But filthy and uncleanly Jades,
Shall Rot in Drury-Lane.*

As a proper Connection with this Piece,
may be here subjoin'd, this chaste Writer's
Apology for the Nymphs of *Drury*, viz.

IF *VV*it or Critic blame the tender Swain,
Who stil'd the gentle Damsels in his Strain,
The Nymphs of *Drury*, not of *Drury-Lane*.
Be this his Answer, and most just excuse,
For be it, Sirs, from my more civil Muse,
Those loving Ladies rudely to traduce.
Allies and Lanes are terms too vile and base,
And give Ideas of a Narrow-Pass;
But the well-worn Paths of the Nymphs of *Drury*,
Are large and wide, Tydcombe and I assure ye.

I shall close this Article with a farther Instance of his modest manner of Intriguing, in his own Words, in another Letter, viz.

I Was the other Day in Company with a Lady, who rally'd my Person so much, as to cause a total Subversion of my Countenance; some Days after, to be reveng'd on her, I presented her among other

other Company the following *Rondeau* on that Occasion, which I desire you to shew *Sapho*.

MADAM,

YOU know where you did despise,
(To other Day) my little Eyes,
Little Legs, and little Thighs,
And some Things of little Size,
You know were.

You, 'tis true, have fine black Eyes,
Taper Legs, and tempting Thighs,
Yet, what more than all we prize,
Is a Thing of little Size,

You know were.

A. POPE.

Thus endeth the first Chapter of *Records*, of the *Chastity* and *Sanctity* of *Alexander Pope*, of *Twickenham*, Esq; if any of our Court Ladies, especially the *H-----ds*, the *H-----s*, and the *B-----ns*, &c. are fond of being the *Patroneffes* of such a *Muse*, they may assure themselves his *Modesty* and their *Merit* will be the equal *Admiration* of *Posterity*.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

FUTURE Annals, it seems, are to make it known, that among the Civil Affairs of *old England*, the Birth of Mr. *Pope* is to be looked upon as one of the, not least, *Remarkables* of the *Revolution-Year*, he being Midwifed into the World in the Metropolis of this Kingdom, the good City of *London*, *Anno* 1688. His Parents being of the Roman Catholick Persuasion, educated him by a private Tutor, of whom, he says, he learnt *Latin* and *Greek* at one and the same Time. He, farther adds, that, he passed through some Seminaries with little Improvement till twelve Years of Age, after which, he perfected his Studies by his own Industry.

I have already shewn the Exquisitness of his Talents for *Immorality* and *Obscenity*, upon his arrival at the Years of Manhood, from 1688 to 1709, let us now see what *Improvements* he has made since, by his own *Industry*, in the polite Arts of *Rant* and *Bombast*, of which the following Letter is, I hope, a sufficient Specimen. It is likewise printed from the original Manuscript in his own Hand-writing, *in hæc verba*, viz.

Dear

December 21, 1711.

Dear SIR,

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my Writing now atone for the Delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this Time, and that every moment my Eyes are employ'd upon this Paper, they are taken off from two of the finest Faces in the Universe: For I am at this Instant plac'd betwixt two such Ladies, that in good faith 'tis all I'm able to do, to keep myself in my Skin. *He! Monsieur C-----vell! Entendez-vous bien?* But indeed 'tis some Consolation to me to consider, that while I but write this Period, I escape some hundred fatal Darts from those unerring Eyes, and about a thousand Deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in dying, wou'd not once have dream'd of an absent Friend in these Circumstances, you that are so nice an Admirer of Beauty, or (as a Critic wou'd say) *so elegant a Spectator of Forms?* You must have a sober Dish of Coffee, and a solitary Candle at your Side, to write an Epistle Lucubratory to your Friend, where as I can do it as well with two pair of radiant Lights, that out-shine the Golden God of Day, and Silver Goddess of Night, with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament. — You fancy now that
Sapho's

Sapbo's Eyes are a couple of these my Tapers, but 'tis no such Matter, Sir; these are Eyes that have more Persuasion in one Glance, than all *Sapbo's* Oratory and Gesture together, let her put her Body into what *moving Postures* she pleases. Indeed, indeed my Friend, you cou'd never have found so improper a Time to tempt me with Interest or Ambition: Let me but have the Reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let *Dennis*, take it for ever! How gladly wou'd I give all I am worth, that is to say, my *Pastorals*, for one of their *Maidenheads*, and my *Essay* * for the other? I wou'd lay out all my Poetry in *Love*, an *Original* for a *Lady*, and a *Translation* for a *Waiting Maid*! And now (since you find what a blessed Disposition I am in)

*Tell me, by all the melting Joys of Love,
By the warm Transports and entrancing Languors
By the soft Fannings of the wafting Sheets,
By the dear Tremblings of the Bed of Bliss;
By all these tender Adjurations tell me,
—— Am I not fit to write a Tragedy?*

And wou'd not these Lines sound admirably
in the Mouth of *Wilks*, especially if he
B humour'd

* On Criticism.

humour'd each Period with his Leg, and stamp'd with just Alacrity at the Cadences? But alas! what have I to do with *Jane Gray*! as long as Miss *Molly*, Miss *Betty*, or Miss *Patty*, are in this World? Shall I write of *Beauties murder'd long ago*, when there are those at this Instant that *Murder me*? I'll e'en compose my own Tragedy, and the Poet shall appear in his own Person to move Compassion. 'Twill be far more effectual than *Bays's* entering with a Rope about his Neck, and the World will own, there never was a more miserable Object brought upon the Stage.

Dear S I R,

Your ever affectionate Friend,

and oblig'd Servant,

A. P O P E.

After a Perusal of this *extatic Epistle* of Mr. *Pope's*, we may justly say with HUDIBRAS,

*As for's Religion 'twas thought fit,
To match his Learning and his Wit.*

How these several Talents are united in him, take again in his own Words, in a Letter wrote in *Passion-Week*, to the same Friend, as the two former, viz.

S I R,

S I R,

I Had written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending *profane Things* to you in *Holy-Week*. Besides our Family would have been scandaliz'd to see me Write, who take it for granted, I write nothing but *ungodly Verses*; and they say here so many *Prayers*, that I can make but few Poems: For in this *point of praying*, I am an *Occasional Conformist*. So, just as I am *Drunk* or *Scandalous* in Town, *according* to my *Company*. I am for the same Reason *grave* and *godly* here. I assure you I am look'd upon in the Neighbourhood for a very sober and well dispos'd Person, no great Hunter indeed, but a great Esteemer of the noble Sport, and only unhappy in my want of Constitution for *that* and *Drinking*. They all say 'tis Pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis Pity they are so healthy; but I say nothing that may destroy their good Opinion of me.

I am in great impatience of the Favour of a Line from you, which will be at all Times extreamly welcome to,

S I R,

*Your very faithful,**And oblig'd Servant,*

A. POPE.

Having

Having already laid before the Reader sufficient Testimonies of Mr. *Pope's Immorality, Profaneness and Obscenity*, this last Epistle is a full Proof of his *Hypocrisy*, and as himself acknowledges, he wants nothing but Strength of Constitution to be as *Wicked* as he could *Wish*.

As for the *Court Ladies*, who are, at present, so fond of him, it is well known that their *dear Reputations* have always been the Sneer of his diverting Pen, as may be seen in the following BALLAD made by him in the Year 1717, to the Tune of Lord *Dorset's* famous *Sea-Song*, viz.

To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.

The COURT BALLAD.

TO one fair Lady out of Court,
 And Two fair Ladies in,
*Who think the * Turk and Pope a Sport,*
And Wit and Love no Sin;
 Come these soft Lines, with nothing stiff in,
 To B—ll—ne, Le P—lle and G—ff—n.
 With a Fa, la, la.

What

* Alluding to *Nirick* the young Turk, and himself.

*What passes in the Dark third Row,
 And what behind the Scene,
 Couches and crippled Chairs I know,
 And Garrets hung with Green,
 I know the Swing of sinful Hack,
 Where many Damsels cry alack.*
 With a Fa, la, la.

*Then why to Court shou'd I repair,
 Where's such ado with T----d,
 To hear each Mortal stamp and swear,
 And ev'ry Speech with Zounds end,
 To hear 'em rail at honest S----d----nd,
 And rashly blame the Realm of Blunder-Land.*
 With a Fa, la, la.

*Alas, like S----tz, I cannot Pun,
 Like C----ton Court the Germans,
 Tell P----k----n----g how fine she's grown,
 Like M----d----ws run to Sermons ;
 To Court, ambitious Men may roam,
 But I and Marlborough stay at home.*
 With a Fa, la, la.

*In Truth by what I can discern,
 Of Courtiers 'twixt you Three,
 Some Wit you have, and more may learn
 From Court than GAY or ME:*

Perhaps

*Perhaps in Time you'll leave high Diet
To sup with us on Milk and Quiet.*

With a Fa, la, la.

*At Leicester-Fields a House full high,
With Door all painted Green,
Where Ribbands wave upon the Tye,
(A Milliner I mean)*

*There may you meet us Three to Three,
For GAY can well make Two of me.*

With a Fa, la, la.

*But shou'd you catch the Prudish-Itch,
And each become a Coward,
Bring sometimes with you Lady R----ch,
And sometimes Mistress H-----rd;
For Virgins, to keep Chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.*

With a Fa, la, la.

*And thus, fair Maids, my Ballad ends,
God send the KING safe Landing,
And make all honest Ladies Friends
To Armies that are Standing;
Preserve the Limits of these Nations,
And take off Ladies Limitations.*

With a Fa, la, la.

Now

Now as Mr. *Pope* has given us but three Cantos of the *DUNCIAD*, and as I am credibly inform'd intends us three more, so I shall likewise defer the Publication of some other of his Papers in my Custody, till I find what Reception these meet with.

The *Spaniards*, in their Conquest of *Mexico*, rais'd an Adage from their strict Observation of the *Indians*, that a Black-Moor *could Blush*.

This with the utmost Propriety may be apply'd to Mr. *Pope*, whose *Actions* are as *Black*, as their *Faces* cou'd be. One Instance of his *Remorse* is in his *Satire*, call'd, *The WORMS*. That Piece when it was first printed 1720, in its 3d and 4th Stanzas, ran thus, *viz.*

*That Woman is a WORM we find,
E'er since our Grannum's Evil;
She first convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient WORM the Devil.*

*But whether MAN or HE, (God knows)
Fecundified her Belly;
With that pure Stuff from whence we rose,
The Genial Vermicelli.*

Which is only saying in plain Prose, that, it is doubtful if the Race of Men are the Off-spring
of

of Adam, or of the Devil. Now if he makes a Doubt of this, it is certain at least that his own Original is from *Satan*, otherwise he could never entertain such *Diabolical Imaginations*. However, in the *third* Volume of MISCELLANIES publish'd by him and his *Un-Theological* Fellow-Labourer the Dean of St. *Patrick's*, he has reprinted his WORMS, and omitted this last *Fecundifying-Stanza*. And I heartily wish his Repentance, upon many other Accounts, may be hastened, for his Life hitherto has been a sad one.

But before I conclude, I must here return my Acknowledgments to the ingenious Mr. *Foxton* (Author of the *TOWER* a Poem and several curious Pieces) for his *Letter to a LADY*, occasion'd by the *DUNCIAD*, which I have hereunto subjoin'd, not doubting but it will please every judicious Reader.

I am likewise to inform my *Female Criticks*, that they stand indebted to the entertaining Pen of Mrs. *Eliza Haywood* for the following *History* of CLARINA. It was sent to me, by herself, on communicating to some of my Friends the Design I had of Writing a Weekly Paper, under the Title of the ROVER, the Scope of which is in some Measure explain'd in her Address to me, and this Project I may yet perhaps put in Execution.

THE

The History of *CLARINA*.To the *ROVER*.*S I R,*

IF what I have been told is true, concerning your Intention of laying a Foundation for a Fabrick, whose spacious Circumference shall at once display the beautiful Images of *Virtue* in all her proper Shapes, and the Deformities of *Vice* in its various Appearances, I cannot enough express my Veneration for an Undertaking so laudable, so glorious; an Endeavour for a Reformation of Manners, (in an Age, where Folly is so much the Fashion, that to have run thro' all the Courses of Debauchery, seem requisite to complete the fine Gentleman) is an Attempt as *daring* as it is *noble*; and while it engages the Admiration and Applause of the worthy and judicious *Few*, will certainly draw on you the Ridicule and Hatred of that *unnumber'd Crowd*, who justly dread the Lash of a Satire, which their own dissolute Behaviour has given sting to. But I, who am perfectly acquainted with the Sweetness of your Disposition, and

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that

that Tendernefs with which you confider the Errors of your Fellow Creatures, need not be inform'd, that while you expofe the Foulnefs of thofe Fafts, which renders them deservedly Objects of Reproach, you will forget to pity the Weaknefs of Humanity and Lethargy of Reafon, which at fome unguarded Hours, fteals on the Souls of even the wifeft Men; and tho' I fhould find, in the Courfe of your Papers, all the little Inadvertencies of my own Life recorded, I am fenfible it will be done in fuch a Manner as I cannot but approve.

Having faid thus much to convince you how infinitely I am charm'd with your Defign, you will, I hope, have the Goodnefs to permit me to be a Partaker in it, at leaft, fo far as to accept of fome few little Occurrences, which a pretty general Acquaintance with Perfons of various Capacities and Degrees may enable me to furnifh you with: And as I cannot fuppofe you will confine yourfelf to an Obfervation only of low Life, there has very lately happen'd an unhappy Inftance how eafily, without the Aid of a folid reflecting Temper, even thofe, adorn'd with excellent Qualifications otherwife, may be miffed from the Paths they have been taught, and perhaps wifh to tread, and become

come the Prey of base Insinuations and Deceit.

Tho' I have had many Reasons since to regret such Acquaintance, I once thought it the effect of my good Fortune to be well in the Esteem of a certain Lady, whose real Name I am obliged to conceal in respect to her Family, and shall therefore call by the feign'd one of *Clarina*; she was not above Fourteen when I first saw her, and at that time my Eyes confest her to be the most lovely Creature they had ever gazed on, nor was her Conversation less charming than her Person, there were peculiar Graces in both, and certainly nothing ever equall'd the Lustre of her Eyes, unless it were the *Brillancy* of her Wit: The Indulgence of her fond Parents had taken Care to give her all the Improvements of Education becoming a Lady of Quality, and that laudable Ambition of being perfect in the Art of pleasing, render'd their Endeavours so successful, that whoever were willing to engage, made it their Study to imitate the Behaviour of this sweet Exceller: I shall not go about to give you a History of the Conquests she made, you will easily believe such Perfections cou'd not fail of attracting a great Number of Admirers, therefore I shall only tell you that she

scarce ever went abroad without bringing home a Heart in Triumph: Young as she was, she was insensible of her Power, and that little Vanity (tho' a *Foible* too common among the Gay and Fair, and much more pardonable in her, than in many who are possess'd of it) serv'd to lay her open to the Artifices which were already prepar'd for her Destruction.

Her Mother had lately receiv'd into her Family a Woman in quality of a House-keeper, who after she had, by a pretended Sanctity wound herself into the good Opinion of the old Lady, ingratiated herself in the Esteem of the young one, by such Methods as she found most likely to succeed: She was for ever praising her Wit and Beauty, extolling her fine Shape and Air, and crying up all she said and did, with such Raptures, that if the Person they were address'd to, wou'd have given herself the Pain of Thought, wou'd have appear'd ridiculous from one of the same Sex: *Clarina*, however, was pleas'd well enough with it, and did not in the least doubt the Truth of what she said, and being confident of her Zeal for her Interest, imparted to her every little Circumstance of her Affairs, whenever there was an overture of Marriage made for her to her Parents,

Aglaura

Aglaura (for so she was call'd) was made privy to it. Whenever any tender Sollicitations were offer'd to herself, she was presently acquainted with it, and her Advice always consulted in the Answer ---- in fine, she so absolutely confided in her, and depended with so implicit a Faith in her Integrity, that she wou'd not make the least Step in any Thing without her. Now I doubt not but you will imagine the Friendship of this young Lady, and the unbounded Confidence she repos'd in her, was as good as a little Estate to a Creature of her Rank, but the cunning Wretch had a View beyond what even the most penetrating wou'd have been aware of, and when the generous Fair wou'd profusely offer her Presents of a Value superior to what she cou'd well afford to bestow, the other with a well counterfeited Honesty wou'd refuse them, and tenderly warn her from giving too great a Loose to the natural Generosity of her Soul ----- Nay so politick she was, that even a cast-off Suit of Cloths she wou'd not accept, without having been first commanded to do so by the old Lady. This seeming disinterestedness gain'd her the Love and Esteem of the whole Family, and she was respected amongst them more like a Relation than a Servant. By this Means, all she said was sure to be rely'd on, and her Advice consider'd as sincere
and

and cordial : When any Match was propos'd to *Clarina*, she always found some Stratagem to make it appear an inconvenient one, and never fail'd of getting one or both the old Folks on her Side, when one seem'd to approve of it, the other by her Artifice was sure to oppose it with, *it will never do well, Aglaura says it will not* : ----- There was always some defect either in the Character or Circumstances of the Lover, and when any one that was absolutely unexceptionable was offer'd, she work'd her Wits to settle an Antipathy in the Lady's Heart, which her Parents had too much tenderness for her to force. Thus did her Wits prevent the, as yet, insensible Charmer from entertaining any Thoughts of *Hymen* till about the Age of Sixteen, but now all Things being ripe for the Design she had laid long before, the one Day comes into her young Lady's Chamber, and finding her alone, *O Madam!* says she (with Tears in her Eyes, Distraction in her Countenance, and all the marks of the most violent Concern). *Pardon me, pray for me, for much I fear that Heaven will never grant me Forgiveness for an Inhumanity I cannot forgive myself.* When she spoke these Words, she fell a Sobbing as if unable to utter more, and throwing herself on the Floor, began to beat her Breast, and tear her Hair like one possess'd with a sudden Frenzy.

Clarina,

Clarina, you may suppose was strangely alarm'd to see her in this Condition, and running to her with all the good Nature imaginable, desir'd her to unfold what it was that troubled her ----- The other suffer'd herself to be ask'd several times before she made any Answer, and when she did, it was so wild, and unconnected, that there was little to be guess'd at by it; the young deceiv'd Lady was in a vast deal of real Grief, to find that all her Endeavours were likely to be in vain, either to give her Consolation, or discover the Cause of her uneasiness; but resolving not to give over till she had prevail'd, she took her in her Arms, laid her Cheek close to her own, and wiping away the Tears which still ran down her Face in abundance, and calling out her Dear *Aglaura*, protested she wou'd never leave her till she shou'd be let into the Secret of her Misfortunes, and put into a Way to ease them; this seem'd to work the Effect she aim'd at, and the artful Actress raising her Head a little, and still counterfeiting a Pain in suppressing her Sighs ---- *Madam! Sobb'd she out, what do you think, why 'tis no less than Murder I have been guilty of ---- but see* (continued she, giving her a Paper which she pull'd out of her Bosom) *See! How wicked my Concern for your Interest has made me ---- See to what a sad extream I have reduc'd a Gentleman,*

tleman, who by one, less capable of judging of your Perfections than myself, might have been look'd on as worthy to obtain them; she had just made an end of this Speech as *Clarina* unfolded the Paper, the Contents of which she found were writ in Blood, and as distinctly as the Amazement of her Thoughts wou'd give her Leave, read these Words;

To the cruel *AGLAURA*.

THAT I so long have supported a Life which for these two Years, has been a Torment inexpressible, has been owing to a vain Hope that Nature being liable to changes, the Divine *Clarina* might one Day recede from that Severity which has hitherto engross'd her Soul, and render her more susceptible of Pity; but since I have too much Experience of your Sincerity, to suffer a Doubt of what you say, and you continue to assure me she is still the same as ever, I cannot now longer wait ---- the Racks of Suspence are too poignant to sustain ---- Despair at length has got the Victory ---- and fruitless Wishes are no more ---- the Servant that brings you this, will acquaint you by what Means I have put an End to them ---- for that Blood which, while circling in its proper Channels beat high at every mention of *Clarina's* Name, is now at its last Ebb; and scarce supplies me with Strength enough to beg you
(if

*(if without Offence you may) to tell that Charmer
of my Soul, when I am dead, what her rigid
Coldness deterr'd me from while I was living -----
engage her Pity for my Fate, if possible ----- I can
no more but this -----*

Eternally Farewel,

Yours,

MEROVIUS.

It wou'd scarce be possible for a Pen the most accusom'd to write of Passion, much less for mine, to represent the Astonishment, the Grief, the Confusion of *Clarina's* Soul when she had read this Letter: All that *Aglaura* so well had feign'd, might now be seen in reality visibly demonstrated in the Face and Gestures of her Mistress; but when she had gain'd so much from her Disorders, as to have room for Attention, she begg'd to know the Particulars of a Story, the Catastrophe of which had prov'd so dreadful; it was not without much perswasion that she prevail'd on the other to relate, what she told her, she was sensible must add to the Disquiet her good Nature made her already endure, for so fatal an effect of her Beauty, but *Clarina* wou'd not be denied, and the other with a still seeming Re-

D

luctance

Iustance comply'd, and told her, that to her Knowledge *Merovius* had ador'd her with the highest Passion for above two Years, that he had often sollicit'd her either to introduce him, or deliver a Letter, for which Services he wou'd have given her vast Rewards, but that he was a Foreigner, and his Estate lying in another Kingdom, she thought it wou'd not be a Match either consistent with her Interest, or her Parents Approbation, and for that Reason, she had not only refus'd to assist his Suit, but done every Thing in her Power to oblige him to divert it, always telling him that she was a Lady who had so great an Aversion, that the most favour'd by her, if once suspected of an Esteem beyond the Bounds of Friendship, were that Moment banish'd her Society ; all this and a Thousand more heightning Circumstances she added to illustrate the melancholly Account, concluding that she having assur'd him that Day, there was nothing for him to hope, he went from her to his Lodgings, where he had desperately thrown himself on his Sword, and that all the remaining Moments of Life after that Action, were spent in writing with his own Blood the Letter she had just been reading.

The sweet humour'd *Clarina* was indeed Thunder-struck at this Recital, she utter'd Lamentations, such ---- as whoever had heard them, wou'd have believed to have sprung from the Loss of a Person most dear to her, not one whom she had never seen, nor till that Hour heard spoke of ---- she declar'd to the watchful (tho' seeming inconsolable *Aglaura*) that to restore him to Life were there a Possibility of it, she wou'd run all hazards to become his Wife. ---- *Such a Love*, cried she, *such Truth, such persevering Tenderness even in Despair, ought not to have met a Destiny so cruel ---- O that I had known it sooner ---- O! that he were alive, that I might reward a Passion so sincere ---- What wou'd I not have done to save so generous a Lover.* ---- In this manner did she afflict herself, nor cou'd endure the Company of any but *Aglaura*; therefore pretending a slight Indisposition, kept her Chamber, that she might indulge a Discontent, which she endeavour'd not to conquer ---- at Night she made that Confidant her Bed-fellow, and all the Time of their being together, the Name of *Mervious* was never out of her Mouth; she ask'd a thousand Questions concerning his Shape, his Air, his Wit, his Humour, all which the other answer'd extreamly to the Advantage of the Deceased; with Reason, believing that she might take a Liberty in praising him

when dead, which had he been alive, might have been suspected for partiality. But not to make the Tale too tedious; early in the Morning *Aglaura* rose, as tho' to follow her domestick Concerns, but soon after return'd with as much Joy in her Countenance, as the Day before there had appear'd the contrary, and finding *Clarina* still in Bed, she open'd the Curtains with a Freedom that their Familiarity had made allowable, and sitting down by her, *Madam*, said she, *I come now to ease you of those Pains you have receiv'd from your Compassion ---- Merovius is not dead. How* (interrupted the Lady) *not dead! No* (return'd she) *the Wound which he design'd for his Heart, happen'd in a Part less dangerous ---- loss of Blood is the greatest Damage he has receiv'd, and he may live, if his Despair makes not a second Attempt, which may prove more fatal than the first.* The Transport with which *Clarina* heard these Words, was such, as she had never felt before, *he shall not dye* (cry'd she) *if Clarina has Power to save him ---- You shall immediately Answer that cruel Letter which has give us so much Disquiet, and let him know you have Commission from me to bid him be of Comfort.* *Aglaura* seem'd to hesitate a little in obeying this Command, telling her, with her usual Gravity, that since there was not much probability he should ever gain the Consent of her Parents to make him

Happy,

Happy, it wou'd be but deceiving him with a fallacious Hope ---- *we had better* (said the cunning Creature) *let Fate dispose of him without our discovering any Concern, for shou'd he be encourag'd to prolong his Life by a Belief you Pity him, 'twou'd be a double Cruelty to raise him to a fancy'd Bliss, and after be oblig'd to disappoint and plunge him in a worse Despair, if possible, than that we endeavour to preserve him from. Take you no Care for that* (resum'd *Clarina* hastily) *I will have it done ---- such Love as his merits much more than I have to reward it ---- he shall not be unhappy at least for what I can do to prevent it.* The other made no farther Scruples, but still seem'd to obey with Reluctance, and bringing some Paper and a Standish to the Bed-side writ, by her Lady's Directions, that she had discover'd his Passion, and the fatal Consequence it had like to have produc'd ---- that *Clarina* heartily pity'd his Despair, and to prove her Compassion real, wou'd favour him with a Visit asoon as the Wound he had given himself, for her Sake, shou'd permit him to receive Company. This was immediately sent away, and *Clarina* began to resume her Chearfulness: The Person it was sent to, in spite of his loss of Blood, found Strength enough to Answer it in a few Hours, in the most tender and passionate Manner imaginable, and the young Lady,

prompted

prompted by her Passion, if I may call it so, for a Man she had never seen, made no farther Use of *Aglaura's* Hand, but writ to him herself, in such terms, as left him no room to suspect the Truth of what the other had inform'd him. Several Letters, every one of which still increas'd in Kindness, pass'd between them for about the Space of a Week, at the End of which, he pressing the Performance of her Promise of giving him a Visit, she consented, and ordered *Aglaura* to get herself ready to Conduct her to his Lodgings.

But what the Consequence of this Visit was, and the terrible Misfortunes which this Condescension drew on her, must be deferr'd till another Opportunity, the Suspicion that your Patience, perhaps, as well as my Paper, may be at an End, obliges me to conclude for this Time,

S I R,

Your most humble,

and obedient Servant,

U R A N I A.

To the *ROVER*.The Sequel of the History of
CLARINA.*S I R,*

ACCORDING to my Promise, I now send you the remaining Part of the Adventures of *Clarina*, which for their Novelty, I doubt not will be Entertaining enough to all Readers ---- I left her, as I remember, possess'd by the Insinuations of *Ag-laura* preparing to Visit *Merovius* ---- she found him in his Bed, a Surgeon attending him, and every Thing about him denoting he had been in a most dangerous Condition; but notwithstanding his Condition and Paleness, which might be imputed to his loss of Blood, there was something in his Face which (being prepossess'd as she was in favour of him) she thought extreamly agreeable; few Men when prompted either by Passion or Interest want Words to express their Meaning ---- and 'tis not to be doubted, but that he had study'd Speeches to entertain her ---- the Violence of his Love ---- the wonderful Effects of her Beauty ---- and the Sense he had of
the

the Favour she did him in this Visit, were represented in a manner Elegant enough, at least it seem'd so to her, who was of a Humour to be too much pleas'd with such kind of Discourses ---- in fine, he engag'd her Assurance of continuing to see him till he shou'd be fully recover'd of his Wound, and he did not fail to let her know that her Kindness was the only Value to Cure him --- he brought her at length, if not absolutely to promise, she wou'd marry him as soon as well, yet, to give him very great Hopes that she wou'd do so : When they came home, *Aglaura* found the Flame she had already created in the young and innocent Heart of *Clarina*, magnifying the uncommon Ardour of his Passion, reminding her of the Tenderness of his Sentiments, and telling her how happy a Woman must be in a Husband who had given Demonstration, he valued her above his Life -- thus wou'd she Talk, till finding her work'd up to the Pitch she aim'd at, *but 'tis in vain (said she sighing) all this Love, this Constancy, serves but to make the Person possess'd of it more wretched ---- it is impossible you shou'd ever get your Friend's Consent to marry him. I will not ask it* (reply'd the other whom already Love had render'd Obstinate) *I will marry him unknown to them.* The cunning Sollicitress seem'd to pause a little on these Words, and then, as if coming out of her

her Study, indeed, said she, if you shou'd follow your Inclinations in taking a Husband, there is no great likelihood, but they wou'd Pardon when it was not to be retriev'd, what they wou'd never permit while they had the Means of preventing it ---- and I tremble whenever I think that by some Accident or other, your Visits to him may be discover'd, and then, I should be turn'd out of Doors, and no doubt prevented from ever seeing him more. These very Words were infinitely alarming to *Clarina*, and from that Moment resolv'd to put it out of the Power of Fate to hinder her marrying; accordingly they agreed the Matter shou'd be accomplish'd privately, and the next Visit she made him give him Power to call her Wife ---- every Thing was order'd for that Purpose by *Aglaura*, who saw him much oftner than the other had an Opportunity of doing, a Parson was provided, and the Ceremony perform'd in his Chamber. Tho' it was impossible for *Clarina* to make any pretence for staying abroad in the Nights, yet her Husband found Means of Consummation, and in a little Time after, she found she was with Child ---- this put her on Consideration what she had best do, she must either confess the Truth to her Parents, which she knew not how they wou'd receive, or fly their House; she consulted with *Aglaura*, who perswaded her by all Means to have recourse to the last;

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imagining

imagining, not with out Reason, that when they shou'd come to know how she had dispos'd of herself, they wou'd take care of her, and the Child she went with, but make Use of such Measures as shou'd render the Husband she had made choice of, little the better for her Condescension: The enlar'd fair one, wholly sway'd by this Wretch, pack'd up her Cloths, Jewels, and what Money she had, and sending them privately to his Lodging, went out herself soon after, under pretence of making a Visit to some of her Acquaintance, and return'd no more.

You may easily believe the House was strangely alarm'd, when they found she did not come home ---- they sent to the Place where she said she was going, and to all others where they cou'd think she might be ---- but no *Clarina* was to be heard of ---- the Father grew outrageous ---- the Mother half distracted, when searching her Chamber, in hope of some Discovery, they perceiv'd she had taken away her Things --- it was not possible she cou'd have done this without the Assistance of some of the Servants in the House --- all were examin'd, but none confess any thing of the Affair, till the Coachman being call'd, affirm'd he saw *Aglaure* deliver a Bundle the Night before to a young Woman who

who waited at the Door; this was a Surprise equal to their Concern, to find her false, whose Sincerity they had so much rely'd on, she neither own'd, nor deny'd the Crime she was accus'd of, but telling them she knew no Reason she had to be accountable for the Actions of their Daughter, and that whatever she had done was by her Orders, flew out of the House before the Astonishment her Impudence and Infidelity had put them in, gave them leave to think of stopping her; which afterwards they dearly repented, when hearing nothing of *Clarina*, and reflecting that it was by this Creature alone they cou'd be let into the Truth of this Affair --- The disconsolate Mother fell into a languishing Distemper, which at length turn'd to a Fever, and carried her off; the Father, tho' equally concern'd, had greater Strength of Nature to overcome it, and concluded his Daughter as dead to him as his Wife was, endeavoured to obliterate the Memory of her by all the Means he cou'd contrive.

The undone *Clarina* in the mean time was prevented from writing to them, by Shame, for what she had done --- *Aglaure* was no sooner discarded the Family, than she came to the Lodgings of the new married, confess'd herself the Mother of *Merovius*, and exerted the

Authority of a Parent, in ordering every Thing as she pleas'd : *Clarina* was now from being her Mistress, reduc'd to obey her Commands, and the Insolence with which she gave them, join'd to the Vexation of being so barbarously betray'd, took from her the Confidence of relating her Story to her afflicted Parents — they liv'd all three together, in a Manner not very comfortable, till the Money she had brought with her, and all that cou'd be rais'd on her Jewels, and the greatest part of her Cloaths was quite exhausted — but, when that was done, Want and the Consideration of her Condition, for she was now ready to lye in, more than the Solicitations of the Mother and Husband, whom she cou'd now no longer have an Affection for, oblig'd her to write home ; at the Return of her Messenger, she had the sad Account of her Mother's Death, and the additional Misfortune of her Father's being married to a second Wife ; Time, his Daughter's Disobedience, and the Conversation of his new choice had entirely wean'd him from her, and he sent her Word, that as she had made her Fortune, she must be content to bear it, for there was nothing to be hop'd from him — the Usage she found after this Answer from her Father, sufficiently let her see the base Designs that had been practis'd on her ; *Merovius* no longer pre-

pretended it was no other Passion than that of Interest had induc'd him to make those Protestations to her——confest that he had more Discretion than to have hazarded his Life for a Woman, that it was only a small Scratch he had given himself, which she had been made to believe a Wound occasion'd thro' Despair, and of such dangerous Consequence —— these and a thousand more such Insults she was oblig'd to bear both from the Mother and Son, having now no other Support than what she receiv'd from them —— Nay, to such a height of Insolence did the old Hag behave, as to make her bring Water to wash her Hands --- and seem'd to take a Pride in employing her in the most servile Offices of Life; the poor dejected Creature knew not how to remedy a Misfortune, which all her Meakness and Sweetness of Disposition cou'd scarce enable her to sustain —— she sent to her Father again, and again, entreating he wou'd afford her some small Supply, and still concealing the ill Treatment she receiv'd, but all was to no purpose —— The wicked Son of as vile a Mother, perceiving there was no probability of the old Gentleman's relenting, was impatient of the Luggage of a Wife, and the coming Charge of a Child, without any prospect of being the better for them, consulted with that Matcheville of her Sex in Mischief what was
best

best to be done — and after some little Debates, they concluded to leave her with the Burthen she went with, to shift for herself as well as she cou'd: This was no sooner design'd than put in execution, early one Morning they pack'd up what little they had, leaving the unhappy *Clarina* in Bed, but what Tongue can express the Agonies which seiz'd her Soul, when she found the Misfortune that was come upon her, she tore her Face and Hair, and flew about the Rooms like one distracted ----- to aggravate her Misery, the People of the House told her, that both *Merovius* and his Mother had often declar'd he was not married to her, but that taking Pity of her Condition, to skreen her Shame, he had permitted her to go by his Name: Nothing of Despair, sure, ever came up to that of this wretched Lady, destitute of all the Necessaries of Life, abandon'd by every Body, and expos'd to all the Woes that Fancy ever form'd — it was almost a Miracle that preserv'd her from laying violent Hands on her own Life — but she was destin'd to yet more and greater Ills, if possible, than those she at present endure — the Disturbance of her Mind had so far an influence over her Body, as to hasten the Pains of Labour some Days sooner than else she wou'd have felt them — at that dreadful Time, the Landlady, to prevent her
being

being lost, and a little also in Consideration of her own Safety, sent for the Officers of the Parish, before whom she was oblig'd to relate her unhappy Story — they went immediately to her Father, and oblig'd him (the Husband being as they afterwards were inform'd, Ship'd off to *Holland* with his Mother, the perfidious *Aglaura*) to take Care of his, at least in the Time of her Lying-in: A Nurse and Midwife were brought, and she was deliver'd of a fine Boy, which by the Grandfather's Orders was taken away as soon as born, who also discharg'd every Thing to the Satisfaction of all the Persons concern'd, except his Daughter, whose Face, in spite of all her Entreaties, he never wou'd see again — here was a Proof, that Grief, tho' of never so poignant a Nature, has not the Power to destroy Life before the appointed Hour: *Clarina* recover'd, even in spite of herself, and with her Strength, her Eyes resum'd their usual Fires, and all her Charms again shone out with an unfaded Lustre — they appear'd so bright to the Eyes of a young Gentleman, (who lodg'd in a House opposite to that she was in) as she happen'd to sit at her Window, that enquiring who she was, and being inform'd of her Misfortunes, he writ a Letter to her, wherein he acquainted her with his Passion, and made her an Offer of supporting her

her in a manner very different from what she then was, if she wou'd admit of his Addresses; the Moment this Letter came to her Hand, she receiv'd one from her Father, which brought her an Assurance that her Month being out, she might look after her Husband, if she had one, for her future Subsistence, for he had done with her for ever: The Experience she of late had of his Barbarity, made her easily believe there was nothing more to be hop'd from him, and in the Exigence of her Affairs, not knowing what other way to live, she return'd the Gentleman an Answer of Consent—— In fine, she went with him, and liv'd some Time the Life of a kept Mistress, in want of nothing but Content—— for most certainly a Woman bred up in Virtue, and possess'd of any Notions of Honour and Reputation cannot be easy in a State so inconsistent with both—— beside the very thought of being oblig'd for a Maintenance to him, one wou'd oblige, must create a continual grating to a Person not accusom'd to it—— but as *Oroonoko* says, *Degrees make all Things easy*; she not only submitted to it, but after she was discarded by this Gentleman (as 'tis seldom that such an Amour is of any long Continuance) she liv'd with another in the same manner, from him a Third had the Possession of her, and so 'tis probable she may
go

go on, till expos'd too far for any Man to imagine her Favours valuable, she may at last be reduc'd to become an Inhabitant of some of those Receptacles of abandon'd Wretches, where only Persons dead to shame, and all Consideration of the World's Esteem resort. If you think this Story may be of any Service, let me know it by the Bearer, and you shall often be furnish'd with a Hint of the same Nature, from

Your humble Servant,

URANIA.



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THE NEW
METAMORPHOSIS.

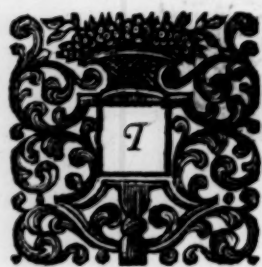
BEING A

Familiar LETTER

FROM A

Gentleman in Town to a LADY
in the Country:

Occasion'd by the DUNCIAD.



HE *sam'd* OVID, Madam, has
pleasantly told
The wonderful Changes that
happen'd of old,
How Men turn'd to Sea-birds,
and Nymphs into Willows,
And green Fields to rough Seas, and Ridges to
Billows;

How

*How Chimnies prove Rivals to Steeples in height,
 And Cottages glitter'd with Pinacles bright;
 When just in an instant, as round as an Apple,
 The Table turn'd Altar, the Kitchen a Chapel;
 How Heroes assum'd the soft Shape of a Flower,
 And Ladies dissolv'd in a Stream or a Shower.
 In short, he has shown us how Nature can vary,
 And change a snarling POPE to a smooth Lady*

MARY.

*But among all these Wonders, there's none can
 compare*

*With a new Metamorphosis tragical Air,
 A Poet renown'd for Politeness, and Fire,
 Has stain'd all his Laurels in Puddles and Mire,
 His Harp is unstrung, and his Trumpet so hoarse is,
 He ne'er will be able to rally his Forces.*

*No Beauties of Wit can atone for ill Nature,
 And the World will but laugh at unmerited Satire.
 Alas! what avails his smooth Sounds and his
 Chiming,*

*The beautiful Cadence, the delicate Rhiming!
 Since Anger eclipses their elegant Lustre,
 And Modesty flies from the terrible Bluster.*

*What Merit so bright, can encourage a Poet
 To attack all the World, with his Jingle and
 Low-Wit!*

*To rail at his Friends, while he slanders his Foes,
 And deals round with Fury promiscuous Blows.
 When the Fit had been rising, the ravishing Air
 Of Windsor's green Forest had made him forbear.*

*If the Bard had but wander'd amidst those sweet
Bowers,*

*And suck'd in the Breezes perfum'd with the
Flowers,*

*Such Passions would never have tarnish'd his Name,
Or hurry'd him out of the Temple of Fame. ||*

*Be his Lines ne'er so sharp, and his Turns without
Number,*

If mingled with Envy, they're Poyson and Lumber.

They injure the Author as well as the Reader,

And sink all his Pride, tho' he's tall as a Cedar.

No beautiful Slumbers will charm in the Morning,

*Nor Sylphs with their Spangles his Dreams be
adorning;*

But stinging Reflections will still be arising,

And Pain, like the Malice, prove very surprising.

The Bloom of an Angel, the Rage of a Fury,

Will make a strange Jumble, my Fair, I assure you :

The Publick astonish'd, will View such a Creature,

His Wit so refin'd, so depraved his Nature,

Tho' tuneful as Pan, yet as fierce as a Satyr.

Such a Foe to subdue, sure the VWorld will unite,

*Whose Name was once mention'd with growing
Delight,*

With diverse Encounters perplex and afflict him,

And make his best Talent to anger a Victim.

The Huntsmen attack the wild Panther, tho' gay,

And woe to the Leopard that falls in their Way;

For

* See the Remarks on Mr. POPE's Temple of Fame, sub-join'd to the Progress of Dulness.

*For the Spots on his Skin, tho' so glossy and bright,
With a Nature so cruel, can yield no delight.*

*The Poppies, the Nightshade, their Honour may
spread*

*In beautiful Green, or in flourishing Red,
Yet their Juices, so noxious, forbid our desiring,
And force us to dread them, instead of admiring.
Could not the great Wit, the prime Bard of the
Nation,*

*Be content to enjoy such a vast Reputation,
The Favours of Nobles, with vulgar Applauses,
A thousand Caresses, for different Causes?
Sure he might have rested, and let down his Anchor.
And smil'd when the Bard was as rich as a
Banker.*

*Rejoic'd that his Eye-sight had even beholden,
An Age so obliging, Subscriptions so Golden;
Serene should his Temper have prov'd like that Season
To this he was bound both by Honour and Reason.
Safe might he have rested, beneath his gay Laurels,
And never pretended to raise any Quarrels.*

*For as HUDIBRASS well has observ'd in his Canto,
'Tis rash to attempt what we never can stand to:
And plunge into Perils that always environ,
The Medlers with Scandal as well as cold Iron.
The DUNCIAD's adorn'd with a wonderful Picture,
Which yet will admit of a critical Stricture.*

*To find too much Fault, Madam, here I am loth,
But some busy Wit may well Ask, by my Troth;*

Pray

*Pray why is the Owl made a Figure so scurvy,
Was no other Emblem so proper to serve ye,
As the Bird of the GODDESS of Wisdom* }
MINERVA?

*Prince ARTHUR that Scourge of the Heathenish
Faction,*

*Subdu'd Pagan Armies, and vanquish'd the Saxon.
And doubtless the Epic shall share in his Glory,
Nor fear the Objections of Whig, or of Tory.
Let Criticks, let Rhimers attack it all round, Sir,
The Briton shall flourish, and ARTHUR gain
Ground, Sir.*

*The Man that has drawn such a Draught of
CREATION,*

*As pleas'd the best Poet, * and charm'd the whole
Nation,*

*Must Smile, as secure from base, impotent Malice,
As a Monarch with Guards all surrounding his
Palace ;*

*But farther it raises Resentment and Wonder,
To find in the DUNCIAD so cruel a Blunder:
Where the Author on Poverty throws his Reflection,
And Thinks that alone a sufficient Objection.*

*Have not many great Men in all Arts and all
Ages,*

*Complain'd that Dame Fortune had stinted their
Wages?* *Were*

*Were not the old Hermits content with a Cell,
 Went they to their Sallads at sound of a Bell?
 They fed on the Turf, and they drank from the
 Fountain,*

*Nor thought of fine Marble, or Glasses of Mountain.
 Did not SPENSER, immortal! with Verses most
 charming,*

*Oft pine when his Stomack had not a good
 Warming?*

*Fatigu'd with Misfortunes, he sunk in Distress,
 Yet no Man of Thought now Esteems him the
 less.*

*Sweet COWLEY was often in strains of deep
 Mourning,*

*And went off the Stage as his Fortune was
 turning;*

*And BUTLER surrounded with Sorrow and
 Bays,*

*Could live but a short Time on Promise and
 Praise.*

*The Poet renown'd * for his Tragical Strains,
 Was doom'd to be poor, and to rattle his Chains,
 Ev'n OTWAY, whose Orphan is so much
 respected,*

Dy'd like one himself all alone, and neglected. ||
'Tis

* Mr. Nathaniel Lee.

|| In an Ale-house on Tower-hill.

'Tis therefore insipid to sport with Disasters, *
 Which thus have attended such eminent Masters;
 Nay, the Man that will laugh at a sorrowful
 Creature,
 Must abuse his dear self, and next banter his Nature,
 Which Notion so shocks me, it closes my Letter,
 Nor can I proceed now, or finish it better.

* Mr. Pope has little Reason so to do, if he would
 consider the former Distresses of his own Family. And that
 his Father was no Stranger to a Statute of Bankrupts.

F I N I S.